

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 27, 1937

WHO'S WHO

DORAN HURLEY, properly introduced in an earlier issue, is still where he was, writing. His seasonable hobby is that of comparing the old-time with the new-time Catholics, Roman, of course. . . . GERARD DONNELLY has a hobby, too, that of adventuring among the non-Roman Catholics, papal, of course, in the United States. This week, the pure Russians of Los Angeles. Previously, he has described the Rites of the Carpatho-Russians, Italo-Greek-Albanians, Maronites, Melchites and Ukrainians. His series truly shows the Catholicity of Catholicism. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, speaking of hobbies, has an exciting one, that of interviewing personages who come to town. Some he chronicles, and some he doesn't, with the blame put on the Editor. . . . LEONARD FEENEY cannot be said to have the hobby of being out-talked; but he shows hobbyish delight in brilliant conversationalists. He found real joy in the sparkling spontaneity of Father Earls, may the Lord rest him. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY has an inveterate-reader-hobby. In his work-shop, he stands knee-high in newspapers, magazines and books, his typewriter surmounting the hillocks of print.

NEXT WEEK and the following will bring to light some notable pieces. *Something New in the Following of Christ*, by Daniel A. Ryan, tells how à Kempis did not write the book. Emmet Lavery reports progress on the Catholic Theatre movement. David Gordon, of whom much more later, will discuss *Christ vs. Religion*. Then, there will be Lawrence Lucey's *Economic Democracy*.

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COMMENT

SPAIN is at last happily rescued from the curse of foreign intervention. The international Non-Intervention Committee, composed of delegates from Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Portugal, has agreed: "As from midnight, February 20-21, to extend the non-intervention agreement to cover recruitment in and transit through or departure from their respective countries of persons of non-Spanish nationality proposing to proceed to Spain or Spanish dependencies for the purpose of taking service in the present war." Of the six signatory nations that have heretofore interfered for their own ends in the tragedy of Spain, France is without doubt the most guilty. But France is the least talked of in the newspapers. As soon as the Nationalists under General Franco declared their counter-revolution last July, French Communists and radicals rushed in hundreds across the frontier to aid the Spanish comrades in Barcelona and Madrid. Carload after carload of war munitions rolled along the tracks from France to Spain, all through the summer. Officially, France was not intervening; but Premier Blum and his Government, if not directly responsible for the forwarding of soldiers and the shipping of munitions, were cognizant of the facts and made no efforts to prevent the war-aid. *La Croix*, of Paris, calculates that upwards of 13,000 French soldiers have been fighting on the side of the so-called Loyalists. Never a word of this, however, from the American correspondents in Madrid and Barcelona until the present week. Now, it is stated that the French volunteers are forsaking the Leftist armies. "The French consulates are said to be repatriating such men (French soldiers who had been fighting with the Communists) at an average of fifty a day." Russians, Germans and Italians have been fighting on the Spanish fronts, but Frenchmen outnumber all other nationalities. In addition to the naval control that is being cast around the Spanish coasts, there should be an international control of the French-Spanish borders.

GOVERNOR Murphy of Michigan is easily the man of the week just past. But there is another whose name should not be forgotten. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, has rendered his Government and country distinguished service in our four late major strikes that affected the country as a whole. When he was approached for comment at the end of the latest, his words were eminently sensible and meaningful. The strikes showed, he said, that we have not yet developed an effective method for settling such controversies. A loss of \$700,000,000 in the Seamen's strike, and of \$2,000,000 a day for the forty-two days of the auto strike did not at all represent the

whole national loss. This can be avoided, as he said, if industry, labor and the Government will apply themselves to a more civilized method of settling their differences. "When a serious dispute arises, and industry and labor sit around the conference table, there should be three extra chairs where reason, intelligence and common sense will be seated."

MOSCOW was host, on February 7, to the World Congress of the Godless. There were 1,600 in attendance, from forty-six countries. The purpose of the congress was to inaugurate a world campaign against religion, and to establish an international fund for anti-religious agitation. According to the *Lutheran News Bulletin*, a badge for the godless is to be distributed, and rules of procedure according to law drawn up in twelve different languages. An atheism radio-station is to be erected in Russia; and an agitation fund is reported amounting to 19,000,000 rubles; it is expected that a lottery will net 50,000,000 rubles. In Russia at the present time the movement for atheism has 6,900 club-houses, 146 schools of atheism, 102 educational establishments and eighty anti-religious museums. Two days after the opening of the Moscow congress, prominent Protestant leaders in Toronto, according to the N.C.J.C. News Service, petitioned the Ontario Department of Education to establish Christian religious education in public schools. J. H. Burnham, chairman of the committee, pointed out that the loss of hundreds of wayside churches and accompanying Sunday Schools prevented children in those localities from receiving any kind of religious instruction. Even where Bible stories were read in public schools, "the Word of God was placed on the same level as pagan and profane literature." The Bolshevik anti-religious campaign has for the last few years made itself felt very tangibly in Toronto. Whether or not these particular religious leaders had in mind the coincident event in Moscow, their action is timely and their determination to bring religion back to education will undoubtedly increase as they become aware of the havoc that anti-Christian education is producing in the young.

AT the inauguration of his series of lectures in the Fordham Graduate School as a "Visiting Professor of History," Hilaire Belloc laid down for his listeners "four postulates which you must accept if you are to go on with me." They were: "1. Truth lies in a proportion—a thing which most men forget when they write history. You may write false history not only by giving wrong quantities, but also by neglecting proper qualities. 2. Religion is

the main determining element in any country—it has more effect in molding life than nationalism or a common language. 3. Evidence in history is multiform and subject to judgment—it includes not only documents but tradition, archeology, dead facts and above all, common sense. 4. A statement of truth in history is not advocacy—it is a statement of truth." Even if one should quarrel with these premises, no one can deny that they are an admirable statement of position. The time will soon come when in all fields of intellectual study the Catholic will do well to lay down certain large preliminary postulates which will indicate clearly his approach to a subject, and give his opponents fair warning that if there is to be a discussion at all there must first be a criteriology, and that it is perfectly senseless to reason with a man who will interrupt you after an hour's time to tell you, for instance, that he doesn't believe in reason, that he doubts if one can have certitude at all, or even that he is not willing to assume his own existence as a fact. There can be no study of history, art, religion, politics or science unless there is a criteriology, which is to be established in the realm of logic and not within the borders of the particular subject at hand. If there was one historian—and he has been the leader of a whole modern school—who violated Mr. Belloc's first postulate, it was the late Lytton Strachey. It even caused him to develop a new kind of historical style to suit the slant he had adopted ahead of time in regard to an historical personage, and for which he always hand-picked the details. Someone has said truly that Strachey's is a beautiful style from the point of view of literary delectability, but a perfectly detestable style in which to tell the truth. No one can accuse Hilaire Belloc of assuming a silken manner when he comes to write history. It is quite the other way.

ANNUAL appearances in the Manhattan Town Hall of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music pupils has become a recognized event, marking steady progress of understanding by the general public for the inexhaustible treasures of Catholic musical tradition. One of the principal features of this year's concert was a unique program of Ambrosian chant, derived from unpublished manuscripts. More primitive than the figured Gregorian, Ambrosian has a flavor of its own, due to its restricted intervals, its largely syllabic character, and its peculiar tonality, familiar to us through the *Te Deum*, that recalls the tonality of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The contrast of Ambrosian with Gregorian proper was a reminder that Gregorian far from being a "primitive" and undeveloped style of music superseded by more complex types in later years, was the product of a completely developed, even if sharply bounded, art. This art attained its perfection not as the most perfect form of all music, nor as the most perfect type of abstract spiritual expression, but as the type of melody peculiarly adapted to expressing the rhythm and sense of the entire Latin text of the Roman rite. The Church

gave her approbation to a special product ideally adapted to a special purpose. On this occasion, as in previous years, the Pius X choristers were felicitous in interpreting the essence of the polyphonic musical genius as well, with its own distinctive and profound spiritual message, as illustrated in the works of the great Masters with their elusive subtlety yet their incomparable sureness of touch. Each year brings to the School greater freedom of rhythm, greater abandon and confidence and purity of tone. The schools of liturgical and church music that has sprung up through the country are the School's own children, and bear witness to the practicality and the fertility of the ideas which it never ceases advocating.

— — —

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Correspondent Lawrence Fernsworth a delegation of British Churchmen presumably representing various affiliations has just ended a tour of investigation relative to the attitude of the Valencia Government toward "religious tolerance." Unfortunately the report of these churchmen has not yet been published and naturally first-hand information of the result of their findings, when they are no longer under surveillance of police and censorship, is not available. If we are to believe the *New York Times* correspondent, the churchmen's committee were agreed "that hostility shown to the Church by the masses is due to anti-clericalism rather than anti-religious sentiment . . . that there is no danger of an attempt to crush the practice of religion . . . that full tolerance of worship both Catholic and non-Catholic may be expected under the future republican government when normal conditions are re-established." If such be the ultimate finding of this committee, we venture to say that these churchmen saw only what the Government wanted them to see. If they did not discover Churches in ruins and thousands of the Catholic clergy murdered, it is safe to add that Spain has adopted another Soviet practice of personally conducted tours where the tourist sees and learns only what the Government wants. It is easy to imagine the Government is not proud of its murdered-clergy achievement and it is possible that it is not altogether responsible directly for all the murders that have occurred. But in as much as it directly incited the mob to lawlessness, even armed it, and failed to curb all excesses, as it was in duty bound, the Government is at least guilty in cause. Creditable witnesses after the fall of Malaga report churches in ruins or used as military quarters, and at least forty per cent of the clergy slain. Reliable sources likewise affirm that public Catholic services have not been held in the Red-controlled section since August. If this is the religious tolerance that Spain is to enjoy should the Moscow-infected Government gain ultimate control, it is easy to see that the inevitable outcome will be atheism and religious indifference. This is patently apparent in Russia and has been manifested in Mexico, in which country the Government has been pursuing a vicious "religious tolerance" policy.

SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU ARE KEEPING LENT

Forty years ago they fasted and enjoyed it

DORAN HURLEY

COMING home from the Nine last Sunday, Tim Sullivan hailed me heartily, as himself and the wife came abreast of me. "Well now, what are you giving up for Lent, young fellow? I was just saying to Annie here that I'm keeping my own fast pretty well. Not a piece of candy has passed my lips since Shrove Tuesday."

"Listen to the likes of him," said his wife dryly. "That would be a sacrifice, the like of him giving up candy. Sure, he never touches it, except maybe to have a piece out of the children's stockings at Christmas—to please them. But isn't that the way it goes nowadays? They're all willing to fast during Lent on the things they have no use for any other time of the year. They call that keeping Lent. Well, if they do, then I don't. It wasn't the way I was brought up, nor you, either, Tim Sullivan, for that matter."

"Annie, you're old-fashioned," said Tim. "I declare I don't know what I'll do with you. Nobody keeps Lent now, except the Sisters and a few old fogies. Didn't you hear the new pastor read the dispensations? There's not a man, woman nor child in the parish couldn't get under the line somewhere, and have the good of three full meals a day."

"I didn't bother to listen." Mrs. Sullivan tossed her head. "Why should I? I've kept Lent these forty odd years, and no harm. I'd look nice now trying to see how much I could get out of. A little fast and a few mortifications never hurt anybody."

"Still," I said, "you know, Mrs. Sullivan, there are those that shouldn't fast—the sick, and men who work hard and have to keep their strength up. . . ."

"The sick, of course," she responded promptly, "and any man that his job calls for actual hard labor. It's not them I'm talking about, and it's not only the fasting. I'd feel shame if I was one who took advantage of the dispensations and didn't try to make it up some other way. But the ones I'm thinking about will do neither. Come day, go day, God save Sunday," she dismissed them with honest contempt.

It has been several years since I have spent Lent in the old parish; and this year, again I expect to be called away. So I shall have little opportunity to

see for myself if there was any truth in Tim's remark that the parish is not keeping Lent the way we used to do in the days of the old pastor.

Lent was one of the important times of the year in those days; second only, I do believe, to Christmas in the expectation, the planning and the carrying out of the plans. In our parish it was as though everyone, individually and voluntarily, made a seven weeks' retreat, with Our Lord, Himself as our retreat master. The Wednesday night devotions with the sermon were crowded to the doors. It was the same with the Way of the Cross on Friday evenings, and on Sunday night, the Holy Hour. You had to go early, and move along, from pew to pew down the church, to the box for confessions on Saturday; and Sunday at the early Masses there would be—often—two extra priests to give out Holy Communion.

But all that we took as a matter of course. Attendance at Lenten devotions was the same as attending Mass on Sunday, or saying your night prayers. We would have thought little enough of ourselves, or each other, if we had stopped there. It was in our personal and private devotions that the men and women of the parish were drawn together. Oh, yes—the men no less than the women. The same faces that you might see at Cassidy's, passing the time of day with each other over the one glass on the way home for supper, you would run into taking the same fifteen minutes in the soft dark of the church, saying the Stations or fingering their horn beads in the Rosary.

At morning Mass it was the same way, rain or shine, snow or sleet. The women would be there at the Half Past Six or the Seven, of course, in full measure—from old Mrs. Patrick Crowley in her black veils to Lyly Breslin, who kept the dancing academy and wore pert French hats. But there, also, you would find Jerry Driscoll, the fire captain, on his way to report for duty, and Dan Corcoran, the policeman, just off his beat after an all night patrol. Peter Flynn, the letter-carrier, would be there—every morning—and Johnnie Riordan, who kept the grocery store; the Kelly boys and Tommie Devine on their way to high school—I could not mention the half of them.

It all sounds rather dull and sanctimonious.

When I add that we *did* give up our glass of beer and our candy, our movies and our friendly game of "forty-fives"—and thought nothing of it—it does sound, indeed, as if all we lacked were a few witches to torture, stocks and a scold-stool. Yet Lent, in the old parish, was the most cheery of times. We greeted each other with the same pleasant good humor that everyone everywhere has on Christmas Day. There was kinship among us. If you met Mary Gibbons, the teacher, on the street, although you knew her but slightly, a quick smile would accompany her bow, and you knew that it meant: "I saw you 'receiving' at Mass this morning," or: "I know where you're headed. I've just come from there. I said my Stations early today."

We knew as we sat down to supper on Shrove Tuesday before a steaming pile of pancakes that there were like piles on every supper table in the parish. Pancake Tuesday it was to us, where elsewhere they speak of Mardi Gras. As we met at work the next day, we looked, with smiling recognition, for the mark of the ashes on each other's forehead that showed that we were of the same family. To have the children of the parish fasting on candy may have halved the precarious income of old Kate O'Neil who kept the little shop near the school, but to see her bobbing along to morning Mass or to Benediction at the convent, you would think she had been left a mint of money. And I would like to know who could even have *thought* of the movies when for weeks the girls in the Holy Angels Sodality had been drilling, the junior and senior choirs had been practising, and the Mary Anderson Dramatic club had been rehearsing, for that triumph of the muses, the Saint Patrick's Night Show.

Lent sped by so quickly. Why, before you knew it, it was Palm Sunday, and if the weather was mild and we went walking in the afternoon, we greeted each other with the little crosses of palm in our hatbands or pinned on our coats—from the sprays we had received at Mass in the morning. We knew that in every household our mothers and wives would be hanging, over the bedsteads or by the uprights of the mirror over the bureau, the elaborately braided palm strands on which they had been working since dinner. And if we passed a group of little girls walking backwards with great dignity we knew that they had been honored above their fellows by being chosen as "strewers" in the procession on Holy Thursday, and were practising their art.

Few of us missed the splendor of the Mass and the procession on Maundy Thursday. At least, we stayed for as much of the Mass as we could, waiting over when our own earlier Mass was ended. How pleased and proud we were to see our own children, or even the neighbors' marching along, the boys in their First Communion suits and wide collars, the little girls with their veils and wreaths of smilax. And the honor of carrying the canopy over the old pastor as he moved prayerfully along, weighted down by his cope, carrying the Blessed Sacrament! There was no honor in our eyes like to that honor. There could not be in this world.

Holy Thursday evening was the evening we wandered far afield. It was an old custom in our parish to visit, if we could, seven churches on Holy Thursday, to pray, in each one, before the Blessed Sacrament. It meant a good trudge, for our parish boundaries are large; but we did it, and merrily, too. "How many have you been to?" a voice would be sure to sing out as we mounted the steps of St. Leo's to the south of us, or St. Francis' to the north. It would be the Farrells and Bernadette O'Toole or the Sullivan girls with their Aunt Katie on the same errand as our own, headed now for the Portuguese church of Ecce Homo and the Maronite chapel of Our Lady of Lebanon.

It was not often that our work permitted our attendance at the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday morning, or at the services of the Three Hours' at the Cathedral from twelve until three; but our wives and our mothers went to them both. They could talk of nothing else over the hot-cross buns at supper time but the eloquence of Father Bonaventure in his sermons on the Seven Last Words.

But if our work made it impossible for us to be at the late Mass and at the Cathedral, it did not prevent us, many times, from keeping the three hours' silence, speaking no word from twelve until three. The girls in the clothroom of the city's mills kept the silence, and the women busy with their eight looms in the weave sheds. I know Bartholomew Grady, the policeman whose patrol was in our neighborhood, used to say a special rosary before the Blessed Sacrament Holy Thursday that no fire, flood nor earthquake, or confused stranger asking directions break into his wish to keep the silence on Good Friday.

We knelt together Good Friday night, the sad majestic cadences of the *Stabat Mater* still in our ears and hearts, to venerate the Cross; and the next day when we came from work at noon we knelt again and blessed ourselves as our mother sprinkled over us the Easter water that she had brought from Mass earlier.

Lent was over, and we felt sad, not glad. We turned up our noses at the candy we had been seven weeks without; we picked up our pipes and laid them down again, unfilled; we passed Cassidy's tavern on our way home, unmindful. It seemed so much more to the point to go, as we did, to confession Saturday night for our Easter Communion; to get up for an early Mass Easter Day so as to see, as our mothers told us, the sun dance in the sky as it does in joy of the Resurrection. And there was no limit to the eggs we might have for breakfast when we came home from Mass on Easter.

Oh, I am sure the parish has not changed. I know it has not. Just a few minutes ago Magdalen O'Toole telephoned to say that Constance Casey is giving up her contract-bridge parties until Lent is over. She is a good Catholic, is Constance. From now until Easter, auction is all her crowd will play. What a pity for Dinnie Shea, with his two sons in Maryknoll and a daughter with the Carmelites, that there is only the one, unholy way of playing "Forty-fives."

MURPHY OF MICHIGAN CLEARS THE AUTO SMASH

The man who also settled the Philippine problem

JOHN A. TOOMEY

ON the morning of February 11, the attention of the nation was focussed on a tall, slim, red-haired man who lay sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in Detroit. Newsboys, all over the nation, shrieked his name. Radios recounted his triumph to the farms and cities. In Washington, Congressmen, Senators, White House leaders talked of his tact and tenacity in overcoming stubborn opposition and bringing to an end, without a single fatality, one of the nation's most menacing industrial wars.

From all sides poured high praise and unstinted admiration. A bit of reservation crept into the laudations here and there. Not a few feared a dangerous precedent may have been set up by Governor Murphy's delay in enforcing the Michigan court order. But even among these reservationists, there was a disposition to admit that his responsibility had been a fearful one, and that he had, in every other phase of the situation, manifested a superior brand of statesmanship. Arthur Krock, summing up Washington opinion, wrote: "No praise too great for Frank Murphy." His oath of office he takes as literally as though it were the vow of the self-denying priest he once intended to be. Mistaken or philosophically wise, Frank Murphy is an exceptional public servant."

That February morning, Frank Murphy needed sleep badly. He had gone to bed at four A.M. after the all-night session which brought peace, and there had been nocturnal sessions for weeks. For new national figures, however, there is little time for sleep. Telephones commenced clanging. Senators were calling from Washington. Radio stations clamored for broadcasts. A cloudburst of telegrams inundated his room. One message from the President was particularly heartening. Murphy sat up in bed, as the applause of the nation sounded on his ears. Almost over night, he had assumed national stature.

With the news-reels familiarizing his features from Maine to California, it is scarcely likely he will again be able to go around New York unrecognized as he did one afternoon some two years ago. He was then Governor-General of the Philippines, back for a brief visit. In New York, after nine White House conferences in Washington, he agreed to an interview. Following a conversation on Philip-

pine affairs, he invited me to accompany him downtown in a taxi. As we emerged from the hotel, there were no reporters, no flashing bulbs. The taxi driver did not know he was carrying the Governor-General of the Philippines, and the dense crowds passing by, as we alighted from the car, probably thought he was some red-headed denizen of Brooklyn or the Bronx. As we shook hands, I said I would remember him in daily Mass. He replied: "There is nothing I would appreciate more. Nothing could do me so much good or be so valuable to me."

Frank Murphy was born in Harbor Beach, Mich., in 1893. Graduated from the University of Michigan, he served as captain of infantry in France. Following the armistice and three months in Germany, he journeyed to Ireland for one term at Trinity College, Dublin. Back in Michigan, he sat for seven years as Judge on the highest criminal court in the State, when he was elected Mayor of Detroit on a non-partisan ticket. One summer afternoon while he was a Judge, a country priest had brought the Papal Encyclicals to his attention. Murphy viewed them as the most inspiring social utterances he had ever heard, and after his induction as Mayor, he applied them to the local situation. A comprehensive program based on the Encyclicals was drawn up, and while other municipalities were relinquishing the problem of the underprivileged to private organizations, Detroit became a pioneer in recognizing responsibility for social distress. Murphy's achievement in giving Detroit an incorruptible forward-looking administration commenced attracting the national gaze.

One day a telegram fluttered into the Mayor's office. Franklin D. Roosevelt wanted to see the Hon. Frank Murphy at once. The Mayor packed his bag. In Washington, the President said: "Mr. Murphy, I want you to go to Manila to become Chief Executive of the Philippine Islands. When can you arrange your affairs?" Within four weeks, the new Governor was sailing across the Pacific.

During the ensuing years the United States experienced not a little trouble with many of its territorial possessions. The President removed a Governor from Puerto Rico. There was uproar in the Virgin Islands. Hawaii plunged into financial difficulties. With the Philippines, largest of all, there

was no trouble. Everything functioned smoothly there. A balanced budget placed Philippine finances on a sound basis. A Department of Labor arose. Woman's suffrage was inaugurated. A new Commonwealth form of government was conceded with full independence to follow in ten years. A constitution with ample guarantees of religious liberty was drawn up. Peace, good will toward the United States were universal. President Roosevelt, in one of his rare newspaper-conference tributes to public officials, acclaimed Governor Murphy's work.

The new Governor-General's practical Catholicism made a profound impression on the Filipino mind. The Filipinos, sole Christian people in the Orient, had been torn abruptly from Catholic Spain and thrust under the dominion of what they regarded as a Protestant power. Brisk American efficiency was soon dazzling the Islands. American prestige soared. The wealth, the power, the glory of America cast a spell of enchantment over the land, which cut deeply into age-old traditions. Protestant sectaries flocked to the Islands, unleashed a colossal proselyting campaign. Insidious influences hostile to the ancient Faith crept into the schools, into the professions, into the public service. Young

Filipinos asked themselves: Can one succeed if he remain Catholic? Must not one join the secret societies? The influence was a subtle one, hidden, hard to get at and fight. It was an atmosphere. It did not argue. It just stared hard at weak-kneed Catholics and did enormous damage. And then that atmosphere got an awful jolt. A soft-spoken, red-haired Governor came over from Michigan. Here was a man who embodied everything the Filipino admired. Here was a progressive, up-to-the-minute American. An American judge. The Mayor of America's fourth greatest city. The Governor-General of their land. And yet he was a practical Catholic. He actually went to Mass every Sunday. He knelt in a pew and fingered his rosary. Young Filipinos and old Filipinos, including many high officials, were stunned. A Catholic had risen to power and influence and had not given up his Faith on the way! And when they beheld the spectacle of the Governor-General broadcasting all over the Islands the prayer of consecration to Christ the King, they were still more deeply moved. The great American Governor-General talking publicly about Christ the King! A great many Filipinos revised their views after that.

WHO WON THE STRIKE— WHERE IS THE SALVAGE?

Expediency will lead to no lasting peace

PAUL L. BLAKELY

WHEN you fight for a thing (remarks President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, musing on the automobile workers' strike) and keep on fighting for forty days and quit without getting it, the presumption is that you have lost. That judgment seems fairly reasonable, but the redoubtable John L. Lewis retorts that he considers Mr. Green no better than an old lady with a wooden leg. Homer Martin pitches his criticism in another key. In Mr. Green he sees the Judas of the labor-union movement, a man who "has demonstrated his asininity, his stupidity and his viciousness."

It may, then, be pertinent to inquire: "Who won the strike?" Perhaps an answer can be hazarded if the results are assembled for examination.

1. At the outset of the strike, the United Automobile Workers demanded recognition as the sole

bargaining agency for all General Motors employees. The Corporation rejected this demand. By the agreement signed on February 11, the union is accepted as the sole bargaining agency for its own members only. But "there shall be no discrimination, interference, restraint or coercion by the Corporation or any of its agents against employees because of membership in the union." Hence the union is at liberty to recruit members in all the plants of the Corporation.

2. On the other hand, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of the Corporation asserts in a public statement dated February 11 that the Corporation retains its right to bargain collectively with any group of its employees. To avoid the charge of bad faith, the Corporation addressed a letter to Governor Murphy on the same day in which it was

pointed out that "we cannot enter into an agreement with anyone which can have the effect of denying to any group of our employees the right of collective bargaining to which it is entitled, and which fails to protect them in the exercise of those rights."

Put in other words, the Corporation comes out squarely for the proportional representation employee-plan, and against the majority union as the sole agent for all. Of course the distinction will be meaningless in the unlikely supposition that the union secures an absolute majority in all the Corporation's plants; still, we have here a fertile source of much misunderstanding. The agreement bars the Corporation from forming and encouraging company and other controlled unions, it is true, but only when such action is taken "for the purpose of weakening this particular union." The Corporation might find, or create, a dozen other purposes, none of them outlawed by the agreement of February 11. And it probably will.

3. The weakest part of the agreement as it affects the workers lies, it seems to me, in the fact that no attempt is made to define what is meant by collective bargaining. From the outset of the strike the Corporation protested that it had always upheld collective bargaining, but it was fairly evident that in practice the meaning attached by the Corporation to the term made real collective bargaining impossible. The Corporation uniformly limited collective bargaining, whatever it meant, to local managers and employees in their differences on local issues. The general policies, set at the headquarters in Detroit, were exempt from the field of bargaining. Since it was of these policies precisely that the employees complained, the right to collective bargaining, as the Corporation understood the term, meant little or nothing.

4. Possibly, however, the Corporation has extended the meaning of collective bargaining. This inference seems to be justified when we consider the issues, untouched thus far and unsolved, which the workers began to present to the Corporation on February 16. These are, chiefly, abolition of all piecework systems of pay and the substitution of straight hourly rates, a thirty-hour week and a six-hour day with time and a half for over-time, establishment of a minimum rate of pay in keeping with American standards of living, re-instatement of all employees unjustly discharged, an agreement on speed of production, and seniority based on length of service.

Reading this list of issues, the inquirer may well ask who won the strike, and where is the salvage. The salvage is found in two clauses of the agreement: first, the combatants have stopped fighting; and second, the Corporation for the first time in its history has recognized the existence of a labor union. The recognition is grudging, but it may lead to important results.

5. The losses in this wreck are considerable. It is estimated that the workers lost about \$40,000,000 in wages. In some places, Flint, for instance, the loss was enough to impair the city's economic life. What the Corporation lost is another story,

but that loss is probably inconsiderable compared with the loss of the strikers, not in money but in ability to hold up clean hands before the public. An illustrated weekly magazine has published photographs showing strikers, and their women allies, breaking windows in one of the Corporation plants at Flint, while the police apparently do nothing to restrain them. When the strikers passed on, that particular factory looked like an exhibit from war-torn France in 1918. According to a story by Russell B. Porter, in the *New York Times* for February 13, the "sit-in" strikers all but wrecked some of the premises which they unlawfully occupied.

Much of the damage came from the efforts of the strikers to barricade doors and windows by welding and wiring them, and to provide themselves with sleeping quarters. Expensive materials, such as hides used for upholstery leather, were ruined. Much of the leather had been cut to pieces for use in braiding the handles of blackjacks. The strikers had provided themselves with weapons in the form of knives, improvised sling-shots, with heaps of bolts and nuts for ammunition, fire hoses arranged to repel invaders, and cans of acid at strategic points—all taken from the Corporation's stores. When they were not preparing arms, the strikers seem to have engaged in acts of sheer vandalism. Car roofs were broken in and car bodies scratched with sharp instruments. The mechanism controlling the heavy steel fire-doors was put out of commission, and office telephones, plumbing fixtures, and cafeteria equipment were ruined. Some of the sections could not have been more completely wrecked had they been exposed to a cross-fire of machine guns and cannon. The police were complaisant, the court which ordered the strikers to vacate was derided, and no official seems to have made any attempt to protect the property of the Corporation.

It seems to me that here we have a case to be presented to the next Grand Jury in Flint. In addition, the Corporation is entitled to recover in the civil courts for the damage done its property. Workers may strike, given certain conditions, but the right to strike does not include the right to destroy property. Catholic members of the union should know that to steal or to destroy, even to further the legitimate ends of a strike, is a sin which entails the obligation to restore the property taken, and to make good the damage inflicted.

Strikes conducted by illegal or immoral methods hurt labor more than they hurt capital. Labor has far more to lose than capital from this growing disrespect for the courts and for the principle of authority. As Leo XIII wrote, assigning the reasons why the State should guard with particular care the welfare of the wage earner, the rich have other ways of protecting themselves, but the poor must rely upon the State. Meanwhile, we hope that the conferences which began on February 16 will be guided by the dictates of justice and charity. If the policy which rules these meetings is expediency alone, no lasting peace will be reached but at best only another armistice, to be followed by another and more devastating labor war next Autumn.

THE HOLY IKONS OF BOYLE HEIGHTS

Where the Mass is sung in old Slavonic

GERARD DONNELLY, S.J.

THERE aren't any Irish policemen in Los Angeles. At least that is what they said there. But under the tall palms of Pershing Square the first policeman I talked to told me that his name was Mike O'Connor and that he lived in Boyle Heights.

Well, that happened to be the very place I had meant to ask about, and the policeman was delighted. The heights were on the eastern edge of the city, he said; the Irish used to live there. And he gave me directions with all the enthusiasm of a man talking about his own home grounds.

But at my next inquiry all his friendliness chilled. No (he answered), he didn't know where the Russian church was, and did I really mean Russian and Catholic, too? There was a small residence on South Cummings Street that looked Russian somehow or other, he admitted. But whether it was a church, and were its people the kind that believed in the Pope and Archbishop Cantwell, he was sure he didn't know. Indeed, as he turned back to the traffic on Hill Street, Mr. O'Connor seemed very dubious about my Roman collar.

St. Andrew's Church, when I found it a half-hour later on Cummings Street, turned out to be a small chapel inside the priest's house. Fine carpentry, together with a paint brush in the hands of a minor genius, had transformed what was once the parlor and dining room of a modest home into an astonishingly beautiful place of worship.

Yet Officer O'Connor would have regarded the place with suspicion. Despite the glory of its painted angels, it gave no hint whatever of Rome. There were no pews, no stations, no holy-water font, not a single statue of a saint, and no altar rail. Moreover, in place of the rail, a screen of wooden panels cut across the room—taller than a man's head, hung with colored lamps and beautifully decorated with sacred portraits. Two latticed doors swung open in the center to show a high table-like altar. Nearby was the altar equipment—a gold knife for cutting the bread, a paten, oval and deep as a candy dish, a long spoon with which the Wine-dipped Host is given in Communion, three Mass books printed in Cyrillic type.

A strange and lovely little chapel, and one to arouse the interest of all American Catholics. For it is the first place of worship in the United States

which belongs to the new Russian Catholic rite.

If ever you visit St. Andrew's and talk to its young, bearded priest, you will do a smart thing if you deliberately refer to his rite as *new*. To be sure, the term will rouse him to vigorous protest. But it will also induce him to give you the story of Russian Christianity. And if in common with most of your fellow Catholics you have nothing but the vaguest notions about the Eastern rites, you will find yourself absorbed by his lecture.

It seems that for a number of centuries after Christ the Russian people were pagans. About the year 990 they were converted to the Catholic Church. But the men who made them Catholics were not Latin-speaking priests from Rome; they were missionaries from Constantinople, that other great apostolic center of the Faith. These priests were wholly united to the Pope, of course, and recognized him as supreme head of the Church, but like many a missionary of today they looked to their own bishop for orders, support, and inspiration. Their bishop was the patriarch of the Greek rite at Constantinople or, as it was otherwise known, Byzantium.

And naturally, the Mass they celebrated for their new Russian converts was the Mass of their own home diocese—a Mass composed by St. John Chrysostom and notably different in its ceremonies from the liturgy of Rome. But when these Byzantine missionaries came to Russia, they made one important change. They translated the Greek language of their Mass into Slavonic, the vernacular.

Obviously, the conversion of Russia was not an overnight event. It required years, even centuries. But unfortunately, just as the work was getting under way, there occurred the tragic event known as the Great Schism. The patriarch at Constantinople, together with many of his fellow bishops, broke away from obedience to the Pope.

It was a defection involving high ecclesiastics. The ordinary priest or layman of the time was hardly concerned with it at all. Particularly was this true of the priests and people in Russia. They may not even have heard about the schism; certainly they did not realize its serious import. And so, without bothering their heads over the dim and distant quarrel, the Russians continued to practise

their religion and to regard the patriarch their father and superior.

All this suggests how the Russian Church came to be in schism somewhat early in its history, although without fault of its people or minor clergy. Moreover, they retained the true priesthood and valid Sacraments. And even as time went on and they realized their break with Rome, they refused to make changes, even slight changes, in the liturgy originally given them by their Catholic missionaries. That is the reason why a Mass celebrated in an Orthodox church at St. Petersburg in, say, the time of Czar Nicholas was exactly the same—in validity, as well as in ceremonies and prayers—as a Mass celebrated in ancient Byzantium.

Within recent times the Czars granted religious toleration. It was a limited freedom, however, and gave no real liberty to Catholics. Under the imperial edict every Christian, if he were Russian born, had to give allegiance either to Orthodoxy or to Protestantism, but a Byzantine, united-to-Rome church was prohibited. To be sure, there happened to be a number of Catholics living outside the Empire who worshipped God in the old Greek-Slavonic Mass. But inside the national boundaries no native could give obedience to the Pope and follow a Russian Catholic rite.

Before and after the revolution of 1917 there were emigrations to the United States, and the newcomers brought their various non-Catholic religions with them. Hence, one may find today in this country a number of Russian Protestant churches and congregations—Baptists, for example, or Methodists, and even Molokans (these last being a Slavonic species of Holy Rollers). But of course the Orthodox predominated in the immigrations, and not only did they build here an impressive number of churches, now served by several thousand priests, but they also set up a nation-wide diocesan system and installed a complete hierarchy.

But the Orthodox in America have been beset with grave difficulties. For one thing, since they failed to create a religious-school system most of their youth has apparently been lost to the church. In addition, the older people have been seriously harmed by heretical teachings from some of the clergy, and by jurisdictional disputes among the bishops. Particularly harmful is the strong nationalistic movement which has secularized many of the churches, turning them into little more than national clubs cloaked under religious externals.

There are other reasons for popular dissatisfaction which it would be ungracious to mention. But the end result of them all is that many Orthodox (as well as Protestants) have fallen into complete indifference, while others retain only a nominal membership in their church.

Happily, though, among the latter class there are some who feel strong yearnings: for a vigorous kind of religion; for hearing the supernatural preached from the pulpit; for membership in a united and living church. And it appears that these people are attracted—strongly, strangely, and despite deep-seated prepossessions—to an interest in Catholicity.

It is extremely difficult, though, for a Russian to turn Catholic. While he will usually accept our dogmas without much hesitation, there are two things from which he shrinks quickly and instinctively. These things he calls Polonization and Latinization. For many years the Russians and Poles have been on bitter terms. Mutual hatred is in their blood. Mutual contempt is a national tradition. And one big fact about the Catholic Church is known to every Russian—the fact that the Poles belong to it. Catholicism, therefore, seems something distinctly Polish, and hence to be despised. It is something Latin besides—a thing opposed to all his dearest national traditions. Conversion means Polonization—and this is looked upon as a species of treason, a racial and anti-Russian indignity comparable, let us say, to a Boston aristocrat deserting his Scientist church for one of Father Divine's dark heavens in Harlem.

These are unlovely prejudices, it is true. Nevertheless they offer real difficulties, even to the educated and spiritual-minded Russian. How is the Church to remove this obstacle?

Well, first of all, the Russian inquirer must be persuaded that the true Church of Christ is and should be supra-national—that it is neither something Polish on the one hand nor something Russian on the other, but a Church in which men of every race and country can find themselves at home. Strangely enough, to the average Russian this usually proves to be a new and astonishing idea.

Then, in the second place, he must be convinced that the Pope has no desire to Latinize him, but is quite anxious to leave him the liturgy of his ancestors—a liturgy every bit as noble and as Catholic as Rome's.

Undoubtedly these are persuasive arguments. But hitherto we have been able to offer nothing else. For where could the Russian find proof of our respect for his liturgy? Where a Catholic church offering him his own familiar, warm and lovely ritual of worship? Papal law would bind him after conversion to keep his Byzantine status, but on Sundays he would be obliged to go to a Latin church—only to find himself listening to a strange tongue and participating in a wholly unfamiliar Mass.

All this explains the little chapel atop Boyle Heights—and also (I hasten to add at the end of this paper) the smaller and newer chapel recently opened in Mulberry Street next door to the old Cathedral in New York City. There are more than 20,000 non-Catholic Russians living in or around Los Angeles, and perhaps many more near New York. For those among them who feel drawn to Catholicism, the Church has set up a familiar altar.

Thus, this pure Russian rite is the latest addition to the ten other Catholic Oriental rites now to be found in the United States. Here in St. Andrew's on the coast, or in St. Michael's in Manhattan, God is worshipped amidst sacred ikons, the opening and closing of doors, the majesty of eastern ceremony, and the sound of an ancient tongue. It is a Mass that reaches for its origins through Cyril and Methodius back to the more ancient Antioch of Peter and Paul.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

SPAIN'S DRAGON NO YOUTHFUL DINOSAUR

WHEN the tide that seems to be turning begins to flow towards order again in Spain, we shall doubtless obtain much clearer reports than are now available on what has been actually happening. It will become more and more evident that the nemesis-like undoing of the Russian leaders in that stricken country was the notion that Moscow ideology could control the dragon of anarchy.

Rigord, the old medieval chronicler, tells things about the condition of Southern France at the commencement of the thirteenth century that show anarchy's "grand style" in those days as surprisingly like what we hear of today. The thirteenth was doubtless the greatest of centuries after Saint Dominic and Saint Francis. Dante and Aquinas had knocked some sense into it. But it had certainly a dreary dawning. I had rather live in Shen-si or Shan-si today—provided I could hear Mass and go to the Sacraments—than in Provence then.

The anarchists of those days were not *ex professo* atheists, thank God. But they did get after the monks and the clergy about as ferociously as do their modern successors. Says Rigord: "They called them [the monks] chanters in derision, and said to them, 'Come chanters, intone your psalter,' and at the instant they showered on them blows with their fists and with sticks. Beaten thus, some died; others escaped the torment of a long imprisonment only by paying ransom. These demons trampled the Sacred Host under foot and made garments for their concubines out of the altar cloths."

Among their pastimes was that of setting fire to churches and burning monasteries, kidnapping priests for ransom or torturing them alive.

Who were the people who were engaged in this? Roving bands of nondescript militia, Aragonese, Navarrese, Basques, Germans, Brabanters (from the Low Countries), says the old historian. The semi-military proletariat of the Middle Ages occupied the place of the industrial proletariat of today. Some of the causes that led to their brutalization were not so different from those operating in our times. What Rigord and his contemporaries tell of was not a mere isolated happening. It was a terror over civilized Europe.

Under Señor Azaña, in October, 1934, says Marc LeMondèque in the *Etudes* for January 5, anarchy was in full swing in Spain. The general strike held up the Paris-Madrid train. A British industrialist director was shot dead from a taxi running alongside his own. In Barcelona, eighty-five employers of labor were proscribed and assassinated anywhere they might happen to be, on the street,

at home, in their motor-cars. The police completely failed. In Andalusia, French engineers were kept at the bottom of a mine for about fifteen days. Travelers by auto met with precisely the same treatment over the self-same routes that travelers by foot or horse encountered in the early twelfth century: they were at the mercy of bandits. In the Chamber of Deputies there was frank bedlam.

"And yet Señor Azaña is [then] in power. But what can Señor Azaña, with his pink outfit of Radical-Socialists, do before the black wave—black and not Red—of his electors who have become all powerful?"

The Spanish proletariat, says M. LeMondèque, "is in general not Communist, but is *unchangeably and fundamentally anarchist*." The neglect of the social problem in Spain, so sharply criticized by Cardinal Gomá and other Catholic leaders, provided the soil in which this anarchy could flourish. But LeMondèque notes several factors in the tradition of the Spanish proletariat favoring anarchy.

One of these was the position of women. "Woman remained quite like the Arab woman, a fixed element which did not evolve towards an emancipating degree of modern progress. She enjoys no moral or practical role in the conduct of family affairs. The man would think it an abdication of his essential rights if he granted the least particle of authority to his wife. Ironically he allows her to vote, but he would not endure letting her accompany him to a café or to a show. Deprived of this humanizing contact with women, men remain violent, authoritarian and proud. Deprived, in addition to this, of any amelioration of his material lot, he pursues the dream of a happy anarchy."

The lack of a solid middle class and an oversupply of Government functionaries was also a weakness. "A state of anarchy, poorly concealed by a mass of formalist routine, prevailed over the whole country. All that was needed was some incident to bring to ground the whole façade and prepare the way for open warfare." This incident was the murder of Calvo Sotelo in July, 1936.

Speaking on February 14, Father Whelan, Associate Editor of *AMERICA*, quoted the words of the Madrid Liberal paper, *El Sol*: "A country cannot live in a state of anarchy, and Spain is in a state of anarchy today."

Spanish anarchists are faced by an inescapable dilemma. Were Moscow to win, Moscow would crush them as it has crushed the will of the Russian peasant. If the Insurgents win, as I believe they are now doing, the anarchist, too, will have to learn authority. It will be painful for him as it was for his ancestors around 1237 A.D. But neither he nor we will be fooled any longer into believing that Moscow's fight was a "battle for democracy."

THE PILGRIM.

JACKSON VS. MARSHALL

NO man who loves liberty and hates tyranny can think without shame of Andrew Jackson's contemptuous: "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it." For that decision is among the noblest ever written by any court in defense of fundamental human rights.

The origin of the case was the forcible seizure by the State of Georgia of extensive and valuable lands belonging to the Cherokee Indians. A series of iniquitous State laws to justify the theft quickly followed. The Cherokees appealed to Jackson for help, and were rebuffed. They then sued the Supreme Court for an injunction against these laws, but before action could be taken Georgia availed itself of an opportunity to defy the Court. A Cherokee convicted of murder obtained a writ of error from the Court, and Georgia was cited to defend the conviction. Instead, the State sent a belligerent and insulting message, and closed the case by hanging the Indian.

The hearing came on, however, at the February term in 1831. Marshall set his sympathies with the Indians aside, and dismissed the plea on the ground that since the Indians were not a foreign nation, in the sense of the Constitution, the Court had no jurisdiction in a suit brought by them in that capacity. But this did not end the fight against the tyrannical Georgia statutes. Shortly thereafter some eleven missionaries, resident for years among the Indians, were banished from Georgia, and on refusing to leave were dragged to jail, some with chains about their necks. Nine were dismissed on their pledge to leave the State, but two, Samuel Worcester and Elizur Butler, declined this clemency, and were sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary.

The missionaries promptly appealed to the Supreme Court, and the fat was in the fire again. Governor Lumpkin declared that Georgia would not "compromit her dignity," and with the applause of Jackson once more defied the Court. The appeal was heard, nevertheless, and on March 3, 1832, Chief Justice Marshall wrote his opinion. "The legislative power of a State, the controlling power of the Constitution and of the laws of the United States, the rights, if they have any, the political existence of a once numerous and powerful people, the personal liberty of a citizen, are all involved." Marshall found that the Georgia laws were "repugnant to the Constitution, laws and treaties of the United States," and as such null and void. Georgia defied the Court's mandate, and Jackson approved. The missionaries remained in jail, and new and harsher laws affecting the Cherokees were enacted. Deprived of their few remaining lands, they were soon forced to leave their homes and remove to the Indian Territory.

This shameful story of human rights flouted by the Executive and asserted by the Supreme Court has been cited by high Federal officials to uphold the packing of that tribunal. The ignorance of these officials is deplorable, or their effrontery shameless.

EDITOR

FEDERAL YOUTH CONTROL

YEARS ago, Thomas R. Marshall, a prominent citizen although Vice-President of the United States, wrote that the so-called Child Labor Amendment would assure us a never-failing crop of young criminals. The real evil today is not that adolescents are over-worked, but that they are not worked enough. In case the Federal Youth Control measure is adopted, provision must be made for husky lads of sixteen and seventeen who long ago reached the limit of their intellectual capacities, and are now forbidden to work. Uncle Sam, a poor Uncle, will be a poorer parent.

LABOR'S RIGHT TO

SHOULD Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., enter one of the homes of John L. Lewis and refuse to leave, Mr. Lewis would be justified in calling the police. Should Mr. Sloan while away the hours by disrupting the cookstove, smashing the radio, and soaking the rugs with acid, it seems to us that Mr. Lewis would be further justified in swearing out a warrant for Mr. Sloan's arrest, and in suing him thereafter for exemplary damages.

Mr. Lewis would not recognize Mr. Sloan's right to occupy his premises and to destroy his property. Nor, while our Constitutions endure, would any court.

Probably with some such conclusion in mind, Governor Hoffmann, of New Jersey, has served public notice on the Committee for Industrial Organization that he will tolerate no "sit-down" strike of the Flint variety. A labor union, he recites, has no more right to take possession of a factory than a band of gangsters has to take possession of a bank. If to this unlawful entry, the strikers add destruction of property, armed resistance to the officials, and defiance of the courts, "there is no difference between these two groups either in principle or in degree."

Nor does the Governor shrink from the consequences of his position. He wishes to keep the peace, and he has given prospective law-breakers fair warning. Should this warning be disregarded, "the entire resources of the State of New Jersey will be called into action to preserve the rights, liberties and property of its

WHOSE OX?

CONVICTIONS are sometimes based on this question: "Whose ox was gored?" Some officials at Washington evidently believe that their property was gored when by unanimous vote the Supreme Court held that the Industrial Act went beyond the powers vested in the Federal Government by the Constitution. *Hinc illae lachrymae*, and these educated tear-ducts. Had the Court voted to uphold, we should have heard none of these treatises on senility as it disables the Supreme Court, but only words of rewarding praise for nine progressive and supremely wise old men.

WHAT TO DO WRONG

citizens, and to punish attempts to condemn the law and to subvert the authority of the Government." Constructive rebellion will be promptly and effectively suppressed.

Our hat is off to Governor Hoffmann. No less than he, we have always fought for the rights of organized labor. But we have never fought, and at this late date do not propose to begin to fight for the right of any man, wage-earner or bloated capitalist, to do what is wrong.

If Mr. Lewis is wise, he will at once make the Governor an honorary member of the Committee for Industrial Organization. In a negative way, the Governor has supplied Mr. Lewis with the only program that will help the Committee to win the support of the public. The Governor merits the Committee's support on another count. At a time when it might be easy to condone labor's occasional excesses, he has served notice that like any other citizen the worker is subject to the God-established authority of the State.

To allow unlawful entry and destruction of property to go unpunished is to encourage brigandage. To permit workers to believe that armed resistance to officials and defiance of the courts are lawful means of carrying on a strike is to encourage sedition and revolt. Organized labor must not be permitted to conclude that immoral means may be used to promote a good end. It is easy enough to attack capitalism, but labor's truest friends will not hesitate to attack labor when labor is wrong.

HE wrote, "United States, September 17th, 1796," and lifted his hand from the paper, then wiped the quill with meticulous care and reaching for the sand-box sprinkled the sheet before him.

The dramatist may leave him there peering anxiously into the future, or staring into the shadows with unseeing eyes, re-living those anxious years from 1776 to 1783. They brought, every one of them, to that tired and sorely tried man some story of hope deferred, of patience stretched to the breaking point, of patriotism and unexpected treason, of bitter defeat and of glory a glimpse. Possibly his mind was ranging over those even more anxious years from 1783 to 1789 that marked the conception and parturition of a new nation, the American Republic. What of the future? he asks himself. A guttering candle flares for a moment, and the shadows deepen as it flickers out. Could the future of his country be read in that candle? Would the light be soon extinguished?

Let the poet have his dream. But what we know of Washington bans the belief that he indulged in troubled forebodings. Probably he left the manuscript of his *Farewell Address* on the table, and calling for fresh candles betook himself to bed. He was an old man, grown nearly blind in the service of his country. His *Address* he had submitted to Hamilton, to Madison, perhaps to Jefferson, certainly to others among the Founding Fathers. As ever, he had done his best. The issue was with God.

In this great State paper we have a refuge in every national crisis. If Washington is to live forever in the hearts of his countrymen, it must be through their devotion to the political principles to which he was unswervingly loyal to the end. In this day of unspeakably degraded politicians, prostituting the very name of patriotism, Washington's *Farewell Address* is a fount of political wisdom and, as our fathers were wont to say, the shadow and coolness of a great rock in a parched and thirsty land.

Two principles recommended by Washington are of particular importance to us at the present moment. Of these the first refers to the education of the child.

Washington believed that our political prosperity depended upon the growth among our people of religion and morality. To him, religion and morality were "the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens." He had no sympathy with the theory that it makes little difference what a man believes provided that his conduct be upright. He held that without religion, public morality could not be long or consistently upheld, since "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." If, therefore, the liberties won by the blood of the Revolution were to be retained in their integrity, the child, who is the citizen of the future, and our young men and women on the threshold of mature life, must be taught religion and morality in their respective schools. "Promote, then, as an object of

primary importance," he wrote, "institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

Only second in importance to this grave monition is Washington's appeal for respect for authority and for our constitutional form of government. "The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government," he wrote. "But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all." What, however, is to be done, now that the "horse-and-buggy" period has been replaced by the mechanical age? The Constitution, answers Washington, contains "within itself a provision for its own amendment." But may not an emergency justify the assumption by indirect means of a power which the Constitution forbids either the Congress or the President to exercise?

Let Washington's answer be carved upon deathless bronze.

"Toward the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown."

We commend these words to all in Congress and in the Executive branch of the Government who on the specious pretext that an emergency does not permit us to consult the will of the whole people, are preparing to subvert the constitutional independence of the judiciary. Passing no judgment upon motives of the living, we may cite Washington to show that by such pretexts "cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government." May God in His mercy keep us faithful to the spirit of Washington, and defend, protect and maintain for us and for our children's children the constitutional Government of the United States.

SELF-CONTROL FIRST

FLOODS and the strike crimped the announcements of the campaign begun by the Surgeon General against certain diseases caused by sexual excesses and irregularities.

No one would wish to place unreasonable restrictions upon medical research in this field. Victims of disease, innocently acquired or otherwise, should be helped and if possible restored to health. Society too needs protection, for some authorities report that these diseases are so widespread that they constitute a grave national menace.

But we must take care that this campaign does not issue in a plan to make vice safe, or dread of its physical results no greater than fear of a toothache. We launch the most direct attack upon these

diseases by training the young in self-control based upon religious motives. Otherwise, while striving to build up the body we may break down individual and public morality.

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND

HAVING eyes they see not, and having ears they will not hear. In the Gospel read at the Mass tomorrow (Saint Luke, XI, 14-28) we are told that Our Blessed Lord was casting out a devil, "and the same was dumb." Comparing the text with the words of Saint Matthew (XII, 22) commentators have inferred that this possessed man was also blind and probably deaf. At any rate, it was obvious to the crowd that stood around our Lord that the poor man was in a very deplorable condition. But suddenly he began to speak, and while "the multitude were in admiration of it," there were some who began to criticise and to doubt.

These superior persons fall into two groups. Yes, said the spokesman for the first, this man was possessed by Beelzebub, and he has been freed. As fair-minded men we admit the fact, but it can be easily explained. The change in the poor fellow does not show that this Jesus is the Wonder-worker you simple folk take Him to be. The explanation is that He expels devils through the power of Beelzebub, the prince of all devils.

And they wagged wise heads.

No, objected the second group, let us not jump to conclusions. It is quite possible but by no means certain that this Jesus casts out devils through collusion with the prince of devils. The only road to certainty is through a further test, some "sign from Heaven." This is quite fair, since, as we hear, He claims to be the Messiah, and is said to have done some wonderful things in Galilee. Of these things we know nothing at first hand, but only through report. Let Him give us some sign from Heaven which will show clearly that He has been invested with supernatural power over Satan. As we look on Him, we perceive no signs of His alleged Messianic mission. We have heard that He used to conduct a carpenter shop in Nazareth, and from all appearances He is just another of those half-mad artisans who of late have been asserting Messianic powers. In short, give us *another* sign, and we will examine it.

It is almost amusing to observe that these objectors have many descendants who continually bring the same charges against Christ's Mystical Body, the Church. When she casts out devils and of diabolical sinners makes prayerful Saints, they say that one form of wickedness has been sublimated into another and, perhaps, a worse kind of wickedness. When in the lives of her children she presents miracles, they demand yet another sign from Heaven as though the signs of her Divine origin given throughout nineteen centuries were insufficient. So it has been from the beginning, and shall be to the end. Having ears, some refuse to listen to the Church. Having eyes, some still cannot see her set as a glorious city upon a hill.

CHRONICLE

THE WORLD STAGE. After more than two months of illness the Holy Father rose to his feet and walked. He smiled broadly. "You see," he said. "Thanks be to God." The Holy Father hopes to bless the Golden Rose on March 7. For more than a thousand years Popes have bestowed the Golden Rose on those they will to honor. It will be presented to Queen Elena of Italy to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of her marriage with King Victor Emmanuel. . . . Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg indicated that there is still a possibility of the restoration of the Hapsburgs to the Austrian throne, but that any decision in the matter rests with his Government. . . . The new Japanese Premier invited China and the Soviet to enter more harmonious relations with his country. . . . In China, Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek, following a prolonged rest after his recent kidnapping, returned to work at Nanking. . . . Premier Kyosti Kallio of the Agrarian Party was elected President of Finland, to succeed Pehr Evind Svinhufvud, Conservative. The new President, first peasant-born head of the Finnish State, is friendly with Russia, largely responsible for the visit of Foreign Minister Holsti to Moscow. . . . Closer relations between Russia, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia were viewed as not impossible, as Moscow sent Marshal Yegoroff to visit the Baltic countries. . . . France commenced ejecting sit-down strikers, after long toleration of their technique. . . . King Carol of Rumania demanded the recall of the representatives of Germany, Italy, Portugal and Japan, who participated in an Iron Guard demonstration in honor of two members killed fighting with Franco's army in Spain. King Carol was reported to fear the Iron Guard was working for the establishment of a dictatorship.

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SUPREME COURT. The battle over President Roosevelt's proposed reorganization of the Supreme Court, which promised to be the most bitterly fought issue since the League of Nations struggle, flared up all over the land. Many of the President's usual supporters in the Senate lined up against him on this issue which was breaking down party lines. The national air was filled with speeches from advocates and opponents and the national interest was aroused to a degree unknown for years. Pouring in on Congressmen and Senators splashed a veritable deluge of letters and telegrams, most of them said to oppose the projected shake-up in the Supreme Court. Efforts to turn the "heat" on Congress from the other side were reported by organizations favoring the proposal. The Labor Non-Partisan League, announced through its leaders, Major George L. Berry, John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman, that it proposed to call mass-meetings in cities through the country to arouse the people to

the President's support. The stand of the farmers was not so certain. Louis J. Taber, Master of the National Grange, expressed doubt as to the wisdom of giving "any President of the United States at any time the right to change the size of the court because of the age of its members." . . . The President meanwhile spent considerable time discussing the matter with Senators whom he called to the White House. He was reported as opposing offers of compromise and against proposals of constitutional amendment to curb the court, feeling any amendment would take too long. . . . The Sumners Bill, allowing Supreme Court justices to retire at seventy with full pay passed the House, and was recommended for early passage by a Senate subcommittee. Many thought this bill might point the way to a solution of the Supreme Court war, if some of the judges eligible would retire and open the way for the President to appoint others in their places. . . . Senator Wheeler of Montana and Senator Bone of Washington introduced a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment for limitation on the Supreme Court, which was interpreted as an effort at compromise. This proposed amendment, which is fashioned after a suggestion considered in the Constitutional Convention, would permit Congress to re-enact by a two-thirds vote of each branch a law invalidated by the Supreme Court, but only after a regular election in which members of the House are elected. Another compromise was offered by Senator Burke of Nebraska which would permit voluntary retirement of the judges at seventy, and compel retirement at seventy-five.

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TENANT FARMERS. President Roosevelt transmitted to Congress, with a message, the report of his special committee on farm tenancy. He told Congress fewer than half of the farmers of the country own the farms they operate, that 40,000 farmers were being added each year to the tenant class. He advocated a long-range, Federal-State program to assist tenants to ownership, to aid present owners in their efforts to keep their farmsteads. . . . Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, intimated the Navy Department would recommend matching Britain in new battleship construction, following the United States policy of a navy second to none. . . . Paul V. McNutt, former Governor of Indiana, was appointed by President Roosevelt to the post of High Commissioner of the Philippines, succeeding Frank Murphy, present Governor of Michigan. . . . International officers of the United Mine Workers of America were empowered to take steps looking to the expulsion of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, for alleged "anti-union" statements made in connection

with the settlement of the recent automobile strike. . . . Governor Hoffman of New Jersey warned the Committee for Industrial Organization that his State will not tolerate the "lawless methods and practices" used in Michigan and Indiana. . . . A program to make over lands in ten States and aid 4,000,000 people to escape dust-storms and drought was urged by President Roosevelt in a message to Congress. . . . In Flint and other regions affected by the recently settled automobile strike, the huge factories of the General Motors were beginning to hum after their long occupation by the strikers.

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BRITANNIA ARMS. His Majesty's Government in London announced it would immediately embark on the most colossal program of armed defense ever undertaken in time of peace. The rearmament schedule will cost 1,100,000,000 pounds. The Government will borrow 400,000,000 pounds in the next five years toward meeting the heavy cost of the new navy, army and air force. The cost of British armaments will be twice the entire cost of conducting the Government the year preceding the World War, it was estimated. There will be new battleships, new cruisers, new aircraft carriers; increases in the army, mechanization from top to bottom. The air force will swell to unprecedented figures. The gigantic war machine will impose a heavy sacrifice upon every British taxpayer.

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AT MADRID. General Francisco Franco's Nationalists pushed on under heavy fire, cut a nine-mile section from a secondary road connecting the main highway from Albacete to the Madrid-Valencia road. Nationalist batteries continued to pound at the Arganda Bridge over the Jarama River, making the Valencia highway inaccessible to traffic. Latest reports indicate only one segment of the Franco circle around Madrid remains open for communication between Madrid and the Mediterranean seacoast. This is a circuitous detour from the Madrid-Valencia highway through a village some twenty miles east of the capital. . . . Victories were reported in the northern battle-zone near Oviedo; in the Las Rozas sector northwest of Madrid, and in the Cordoba region in the South. From Malaga the Franco troops were overcoming the feeble Red opposition and pushing on toward Valencia.

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A NEW PRINCE. The Princess of Piedmont, Crown Princess Marie Jose, gave birth to a boy eligible to sit on the Italian throne under the name of Victor Emmanuel IV, and assuring continuity in the direct line to the House of Savoy. Sixty-seven other infants born the same day will receive insurance policies, bank accounts and other gifts on account of the royal infant. A wide amnesty to prisoners was granted by Premier Mussolini to honor the event. . . . Premier Mussolini took up a pick last week, brought it down into the ground with great force. He was inaugurating construction of Italy's first subway.

CHURCHES OPENED. Catholics of Orizaba and surrounding villages in the State of Veracruz, Mexico, kept their churches opened, after their success in having gained entrance into them over police opposition. At the church doors signs were posted: "People, everything depends on you. Don't leave your churches. Protect them night and day." The edifices were thronged. Bare-footed peons, young señoritas in bright colors, ladies in black mantillas, Indians were seen kneeling in their churches closed to them for years. An American correspondent picked up a small boy, drove him for miles to a village church. The boy said: "I am going while the churches are still open. They might be closed again." Governor Miguel Aleman of Veracruz announced Masses will not be permitted in the State. . . . 10,000 Catholic women of Chihuahua staged a huge demonstration in the streets of the city, protesting against the murder of Father Pedro Maldonado, beaten to death by police. Churches closed for three years were forced open.

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NON-INTERVENTION. At the international committee for non-intervention in Spain, sitting in London, all nations concerned agreed to impose a ban on volunteers for either faction in Spain, the ban to become effective February 20, midnight. All but Portugal agreed to the institution of an international naval-patrol of the Spanish coast and international supervision of Spain's land frontiers, to become effective March 6 at midnight. The naval patrol will not have power to detain a ship, but only to report on it to the London committee.

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NAZI CHURCH WARS. Chancellor Hitler decreed a new Protestant church election, following the resignation of the Nazi-imposed Church government. Protestant leaders were skeptical concerning the fairness of the forthcoming election. Anybody in Germany who has a Protestant ancestor is eligible to vote. It was by invoking this eligibility that the Nazis steam-rolled the church election in July, 1933, and captured two-thirds of all seats. Moreover, Protestant leaders no longer have freedom of speech, freedom of assembly. They no longer have a press. . . . Cardinal Von Faulhaber denounced the Nazi regime, charged it with repeated violations of the Concordat. He conveyed a message from Pope Pius saying that the Pontiff deplored "the increasing faithlessness" in Germany. "With the concordat we are hanged; without the concordat we are drawn and quartered and then hanged," the Cardinal declared. He pointed out that the initiative for the Concordat had come from Hitler himself when the Nazi Government was regarded with suspicion. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria was in the congregation during the Cardinal's address. . . . At Berghof, Chancellor Hitler's highland home amid the Bavarian Alps, fifty war veterans from fourteen nations met the former corporal in the Kaiser's army. Hitler shook hands with the veterans, some of whom may have stood in trenches opposite his own.

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRECT STATEMENT

EDITOR: In an editorial paragraph on January 9 you make an *untenable statement*. After stating that one of the revolutionary parties in Spain is "ruled and controlled by Moscow," which is true, you conclude by making the astonishing statement that the Spanish Nationalists under Franco are "not dominated by any representatives of any foreign powers." In the face of patent material assistance in the form of supplies and men from Germany, Italy, and Portugal, your statement leaves AMERICA open to the very charge rightly leveled at the radical journals, of "sedulously distorting the facts."

It appears obvious today that Germany, Italy and Portugal are as determined to see the Leftist forces in Spain crushed as the USSR is that Franco shall not win. Both sides in the struggle are being supported materially and otherwise by totalitarian states outside Spain, chiefly Germany and Russia. Spain has become the scene of what more and more is coming to resemble an international European struggle on a small and so far localized scale. I think Catholics, or many Catholics, are making a tactical error in idealizing Franco and his army of Germans, Italians, Moors and Spaniards as crusaders for Christianity, just as left-wingers in this country are exceedingly naive in thinking that the Russo-Spanish Leftists are fighting another battle for democracy against the combined forces of Fascism and Catholicism.

However pure in motive the rebellion may have been in the beginning it has now pretty thoroughly degenerated into a struggle between non-Spanish interests, with the idea of a religious crusade hopelessly submerged under a foreign intervention almost exclusively concerned with materialistic ends.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

JAMES J. BURNS

(*Material assistance is not the same as domination. General Franco and the Nationalists have proudly repudiated all attempts at foreign domination. They are strictest autonomists. Editor*)

STUDENT PLEDGE

EDITOR: A few weeks ago twenty-two students of Saint Mary of the Woods College did something that should have made headlines. Voluntarily, after much serious thought, they took a five-year pledge from all intoxicating liquor "in union with the sacred thirst of Christ upon the cross."

Daily Mass attendance and willingness to take the pledge are requisites for membership in the Children of Mary. The number in this society since it originated is nearly 500. Of these, 200 have voluntarily taken the pledge of abstinence.

It isn't easy to take that pledge. I, for one, thought long about it. . . finally accepted a blessing that has brought me more happiness than I could describe. I daresay that there isn't one of the others who would not be willing to do it all over again.

Headlines? Of course not! But just between you and me, don't you think news like this would do far more good than tales of how we youth are riding the winds to ruin?

St. Mary of the Woods, Ind.

ELEANOR DICK

CAVEAT EMPTOR

EDITOR: My fondness for extra-large, thick, soft bath towels created a disturbance here in a club discussing social justice. It happened this way:

A widower, I do some of the shopping for the ménage. To my surprise I discovered that bath towels (extra large, thick, soft) ranged in price from 65c to \$1.75. However, the spread in quality was far less than the spread in price. And the store with the higher price was a reliable store, known for fair dealing.

Meanwhile I was inveigled into attending a Catholic Action meeting. The leader called on me to state a typical practical case. . . . My perplexing towel problem was submitted.

At first there was some difficulty to establish the connection between the problem and social justice. This point was finally fixed. The answer then came fast:

"The cheapest of course, consistent with quality."

But, I ventured, the store selling cheapest is underpaying its sales-people; moreover, the mill or factory turning out the cheapest towels is working the operators several hours more per week and paying them less than the mill supplying the towels retailing at \$1.75. Now, as a practical Catholic, whose towels should I buy?

Furthermore, if I and hundreds of others buy the lowest-priced towels, do we not compel the mill paying good wages either to lower them to meet competition or close entirely, throwing the operators out of work? Are we not, as buyers of commodities, bound to observe the code of social justice of *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*?

Rochester, N. Y.

G. HUSSON

HOUSING

EDITOR: In the past few years we have seen Catholic Action in the various fields progressing with heartening rapidity. However, Catholic Action has been lacking in the field of housing.

We have in the United States the problem of

supplying and replacing the urban and suburban housing facilities of forty per cent of our population. This includes not only rebuilding the already torn-down slums but also replacing any and all dwellings in remaining slums. Over-zealous officials have weeded out slums and gutted them of hovels and shacks, evicting the poor without constraint. At the same time no progress has been made in the way of reconstructing homes for the evicted. The Government *won't* do it, capitalists *don't* do it, and the poor individually *can't* do it.

It is contained simply in cooperative housing. This very efficient method will fully solve the problem of housing for the immense low-income group.

It must, however, be of a cooperative nature; if not, the worker will not benefit and the builders will not be able to extend their assistance as needed.

In Sweden for the past twenty years an extensive and successful program of slum elimination and simultaneous reconstruction has been carried on. The Government and capital, together with the low-income group of Sweden, which is neither a Catholic nor an over-prosperous country, have labored together and through cooperative housing have made living conditions quite tolerable.

If results such as these can be obtained by cooperative action, surely cooperative housing, if motivated by Catholic Action, with the aid of the Encyclicals, would bring about a condition unrivaled by any.

Los Angeles, Calif.

T. W. INGERSOLL

S. V. D. IN P. I.

EDITOR: I call attention to an error in your article on the Eucharistic Congress (February 6). The author stated that "except for the 113 Jesuits, the only Americans in the Islands are fourteen Columban Fathers, two Maryknollers, and one diocesan priest."

The Society of the Divine Word has sent in recent years thirteen Americans from the Society's Mother House at Techny, Ill., for work in the Philippines. This group now at work in the Islands comprises eleven Priests and two Brothers.

Island Creek, Mass.

THOMAS FITZGERALD

ENCYCLICALIZER

EDITOR: The program of reading the Encyclicals at one of the Sunday Masses is being tried out in my own parish. I have termed the last Mass the "Encyclical Mass." People like the idea and come to this Mass (which was not well attended before but now is packed) for the express purpose of hearing *Rerum Novarum*.

Here is the procedure: the Pope's words are read in their entirety and running comment and explanation is added. This is necessary in instances for the matter of terminology and does away with the objection that the Encyclicals are over the heads of the people. The people are more than interested. They seem to hang on every word, par-

ticularly when it is pointed out that the conditions that prevailed almost fifty years are identically the same today. After the Mass the ushers sell the pamphlets for those who want them.

It can readily be seen that once the Encyclicals get into the hands of our working people, it will be no time before they are bringing them to the factories and passing them to their friends who have been steeped in Communistic teaching.

"Get the Encyclicals into the factories" should become the slogan of every Catholic genuinely interested in the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

Detroit, Mich.

E. A. LEFEBVRE

FIVE WAYS

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the letter of Unwilling Slacker (February 13). I cannot help but sympathize with him, for several times during the past five years I have found myself in practically the same position. Too often the fruits of Catholic Action seem to hang from the tree of high-powered salesmanship in disposing of tickets for benefit bridges, dances and football games. But I have found that there are forms of Catholic Action which meet the most stringent test and which are crying for the support of zealous souls.

First of all, I would mention the Catholic Evidence Guild.

Then, too, there is the newly formed Catholic Youth Organization which is endeavoring to guide the lives of Catholic boys and girls into their proper channels—a training outside home and school.

For young men only there are also numerous opportunities for Catholic Action at the Center Club. For young women the Almoners Organization provides many fields of charitable endeavor.

These last named societies have a somewhat more social aspect than any of the others but in neither of them is a member obliged to attend the social functions nor is one ever hounded to buy or sell tickets.

New York, N. Y.

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL

CHAIN PRAYER

EDITOR: Devotion to the Saints is highly recommended by the Church, I know. . . . But recently I was handed a leaflet showing no evidence of Church approbation but entitled *Novena to Saint Martha*.

I was amazed. First, because of this line in the prayer: "I offer up to thee this light which shall burn every Tuesday." And second, by this printed direction: "Recite nine Tuesdays in succession; on each Tuesday a candle should be lighted, and this leaflet sent to a friend." Third, by this printed promise: "The miraculous Saint obtains everything, no matter how difficult, before the termination of nine Tuesdays."

Thus Saint Martha is now put to the task of selling candles for a candle maker!

Dorchester, Mass.

J. O.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MICHAEL EARLS

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

I do not claim to have been intimate enough with the late Michael Earls, S.J., to be able to write an authoritative memoir of him. I think I may safely say I was one of his friends, possibly one of his good friends, but certainly not one of his close friends. I am in hopes, therefore, that what I have to say will be only a stimulation to someone who knew him better than I to give us a complete picture of the man, for he was enormously picturesque. He has an importance too in the history of American Catholic letters, such as it is. Father Earls wrote poems, novels and essays. First, let us take him as a poet.

His was a generous, open-hearted feeling for verse. He was anxious to make friends with any sort of homely theme (particularly if it had the quality of a legend), which practice led him often to border on, and not infrequently to achieve, the merely sentimental. In the strict craft of verse he was excellent; he had a fastidious feeling for words and splendid ear. But he had no sense of when to outlaw the trite and the routine, and often would write a whole poem in order to enshrine a single nuance of phrase. His verse always sounded much better when *he* read it than when *you* read it: a disastrous test of quality in a poem. His best success was undoubtedly in the ballad form. Nor can it be denied that some of his verse for children is remarkably forthright and tender. He has been justly praised for his beautiful lines "To a Carmelite Postulant." Michael Earls' books of poems include: *Ballads of Childhood*; *The Road Beyond the Town*; *From Bersabee to Dan*; *Ballads of Peace in War*; *The Hosting of the King*.

In his novels: *Melchior of Boston*, *The Wedding Bells of Glendalough*, *Stuore*, *Marie of the House D'Anters*, none of which, with the possible exception of the first, ever achieved even a moderate success, Father Earls underwent a strange metamorphosis in his personality. In conversation witty, playful, anecdotal, consistently untiresome, and at times positively brilliant (I really have never seen him in the presence of anyone whom he could not out-sparkle), he seemed to scrap these qualities when he sat down to write fiction. True, the prose

is smooth and the sentence management distinctive (for Father Earls had a rich and rounded training in the whole of English literature as well as in the Latin and Greek classics), but it is an almost vicarious story-telling, unrelieved by any real excitement of plot and uninformed with any of the true delightfulness of his own conversation. I remember once his reading to me the manuscript of a novel which I believe never got into print. It was to be called *In Place of Judas*. As he went on reading chapter after chapter he kept pausing and making illuminating and witty remarks over the back of his hand by way of explanation of the text. These asides were so much more entertaining than what was set down in the script that I finally stopped him and said boldly (I felt afterwards almost rudely): "If you would only put into your book what you are letting escape to me over the back of your hand, the story would be much more exciting."

He offered no defense—he was a remarkably humble man—and only gazed at me with a puzzled look. But I could not help feeling that he, too, recognized, but did not know how to remedy, his defect as a story-teller in print, knowing, as he must have known, how much he was applauded and admired as a story-teller in conversation.

I believe the two books in which the real Michael Earls is best represented are his volumes of essays, *Under College Towers* and *Manuscripts and Memories*. The first is good, the second, very good. Neither book captures him completely—he had the habit of salting his paragraphs with erudite quotations and Latin phrases, which gave him a heaviness he never acquired when talking with you—but in the latter volume, published last year, he comes nearest to finding himself and to leaving some lasting picture of his charming and versatile mind.

During his life Michael Earls made many interesting literary friendships. His most outstanding devotion was to the work and the memory of Louise Imogen Guiney. No one did more to make this exiled American poet known and appreciated. A long and interesting correspondence survives them, and a few years before his death Father Earls suc-

ceeded in having a room at the new Holy Cross library dedicated to the memory of Miss Guiney, where are kept many of her best photographs, many of her letters and autographs, some of her heirlooms, and all of her works. He also numbered among his close friends and correspondents the late Katherine Tynan, Maurice Francis Egan, Joyce Kilmer, Terence Shealy, S.J. (of whom he wrote a memoir), Father Matthew Russell, Father Daniel Hudson, C.S.C., and numerous others whom those closer to him than I could mention. In recent years he found a friend and kindred spirit in the late G. K. Chesterton during the latter's visit to America.

Though Michael Earls' knowledge of literature was thorough in all respects, his chief interest was in Catholic writers, mostly of the Irish school. No one knew better, or quoted more consistently, the works of such poets as Dora Sigerson Shorter, Ethna Carberry, Lionel Johnson, Aubrey De Vere, Padraic Pearse, and in fact all the Irish poets from the middle of the nineteenth century down to the present day. He was extremely partisan in his favorites. He liked almost no writer who was not a Catholic, and this not from any clannish prejudice, but from a very vivid and happy faith that made literature most attractive to him when it voiced in unequivocal terms the supernatural mysteries in which he himself believed with imaginative and childlike fervor.

Michael Earls in temperament and appearance was a combination of a landed Irish squire and a medieval English friar. He had a large, leisurely manner, and a perfect passion for laughter and fun. I never met a man in my life who needed less to consult a psychiatrist or who was farther away from having a nervous breakdown. This outstanding sanity and brightness of soul came from the fact that his interests were always humane, and because he gave his imagination plenty to do in the matter of being inventive and creating fun. He could turn any external situation into a cause for amusement. I remember his being once in a railway station when he wanted to check his valise. The checkroom attendant was whistling the song called "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Father Earls immediately began swaying his valise backwards and forwards in a rhythmical accompaniment to the tune, and finally, giving it a graceful toss into the arms of the attendant, he exclaimed: "And now will you check that bag 'with the greatest of ease'?" I believe I have never seen him depressed, though his face could become on occasion almost aristocratically serious. Controversy bored him to tears, and he usually precluded it at the outset by making some humorous or irrelevant remark.

This habit of giving serious argument a playful turn was often annoying to some of his religious brethren, who, as a group, have a strong leaning towards the dreadful seriousness of the syllogism. But syllogisms, except funny ones which violated the rules, did not interest Father Earls. He was also, amusingly and sometimes exasperatingly incoherent. With him one never knew what twist the conversation was to take, what was to be dragged in next. Likewise, he was most startlingly im-

promptu. You might meet him coming along the walk under the linden lane at Holy Cross and might find him mumbling to himself, and then gathering you into it, "They don't understand what he means! The word is an adverb, not an adjective." I might add that there was no way, not even by interruption, of learning who "they" and "he" were, or what was "the adverb" which was not "the adjective," until he got around to telling you. Then, provided he had not left you in the meantime (for he was as abrupt in his departures as in his approaches), you might eventually discover that he was talking about the poet Lionel Johnson in the line "Lonely unto the Lone I go," which meant, according to the Earlsian interpretation, "*Alonely* unto the Lone I go." But for pity's sake don't argue about it.

Michael Earls was in no sense what is typically expected to appear when the word "Jesuit" is announced. He had no aloof, soldier-on-the-march quality, and was undoubtedly lacking in all display of that discipline and severity which are conceived to be our best tradition. But if there was one thing that made him beloved by all it was the childlike purity of his mind. He could not truckle with anything whatsoever that smacked of the Rabelaisian. This, of course, might be expected in a priest. But Father Earls was also a wit of the highest order. And to go on fun-making for sixty-three years and never once touch even the border-line of the indelicate, is very nearly a moral miracle. This beautiful virtue in him was undeniably half the secret of his enormous capacity for fun.

And now I may tell how he died. On the evening of January 31 in the Grand Central Station, New York, while about to board a train for Cleveland, where he was to speak at a banquet of the Holy Cross Alumni, he was stricken with a severe heart attack. Bewildered, but quite calm, he was taken by ambulance to St. Vincent's Hospital. He wanted no fuss made about him, said he would be all right in the morning, but the doctors knew he was in a serious condition, and a priest was called to administer the last Sacraments. Father Earls' remark upon being told by the priest that he was to receive the last Sacraments was as characteristic as any he ever made in his life. "Sure!" he said "I want all the Sacraments you've got." He confessed his sins, and was fully conscious during the anointing, and then received Holy Viaticum.

His great friend, Dr. Raymond P. Sullivan, chief surgeon at the hospital, was called. "You know, Ray," Father Earls said to him, "I'm not a bit afraid to die." "I know you're not, Father," the doctor replied; but, of course, was obliged to tell him the gravity of his condition. Soon he fell into a slight coma and oxygen was administered. Upon being revived he turned to the Sister of Charity standing at his bedside and said: "I just had a lovely talk with Our Lord and Our Lady." He assured her he was in no pain. A short time later—he had been in the hospital less than two hours—he took a long breath, and died, or, as he probably would have put it, "came to the end of The Road Beyond the Town."

BOOKS

PERSONAL FREEDOM DEAD OR ALIVE

WE OR THEY. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

IT seems to be becoming the ill fortune of this little book to have evolved into a handbook of Communists in their fight against Fascism. True, the words quoted in the title are Mussolini's: "Either we or they! Either their ideas or ours! Either their state or ours!" And the sub-title of the book is *Two Worlds in Conflict*. But the thesis of the author, stated on page 80, is "the moral antinomy which is splitting the world, not as some say into three camps—democratic, Communist, Fascist—and not as some say into two camps—Communist and Fascist—but into two more general yet distinct worlds, in one of which personal freedom still lives, and in the other of which it is dead."

In the second of these two worlds, Mr. Armstrong, who is the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, puts the camps of Mussolini and Stalin and Hitler and all the other dictators. This is a position with which all Americans not yet despairing of our own form of government can agree. He is right in insisting that we must not let our political thought be entangled in either Fascism or Communism, since both on the purely political plane are identical, whatever they are on the social-economic. For some strange reason, however, Mr. Armstrong allows himself to waver for a moment on the speculation as to whether Soviet Russia may not be about to turn democratic; but he quickly recovers himself, and thereafter maintains his original clear vision of reality. "At bottom," he quotes Albert Pauphilet as saying, "no type of mind is so like the extreme Right as the extreme Left."

The one weakness of the book is that he constantly infers that France is on the side of the personal-freedom advocates; and in doing this he is forced to soft-pedal the Franco-Soviet alliance. The idea that the "Western democracies" must stand together against the world of dictators is rendered impractical as long as one of those democracies is allied with the greatest enemy in the other world, and has itself a Popular Front Government.

In fact, Mr. Armstrong does not really seem to wish to understand the significance of the Popular Front movement itself; which is that, as long as Communism, with a false-democratic front, is allowed to stand within the circle of the self-governing peoples, so long will those peoples be powerless to defend themselves against the "We" whom he so clearly and cogently exposes. Yet that is the real canker at the heart of the world's present troubles.

WILFRID PARSONS

LAST OF THE ROMANOFFS

NICHOLAS II, PRISONER OF THE PURPLE. Mohammed Essad-Bey. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$3

TRANSLATED from a foreign language not specified, the work is not "a biographical novel; it is a historical biography." It is objective, neither condemning the old days of the last Czar's rule nor mouthing lyrics about those who, to express it moderately, rule Russia at the present hour. The words quoted in the book were actually spoken and can be checked by reference to the

memoirs of some of the principal actors in the scene.

Though the book is primarily a life of the last of the Romanoffs, it gives enough of the history of the times to set a stage for the principal figures. The last Czar was not a strong man. Like the last of the kings of France at the time of the French Revolution he had a strong savor of plety about him. Unlike the present incumbent of Russian absolutism he saw no strength in No-Goddism. He could defy fate, but blasphemy as a vocation made no appeal to him. From the evidence here adduced it is clear that he sensed that something was very wrong with Holy Russia and he took odd means to come in contact with the soul of Russia. He surrounded himself with medicine men like the mad monk Rasputin and other such swamis and yogis.

The Czar was firmly convinced that four props stood firmly behind his throne, the officers caste, the nobility, the Cossacks, and the Church. In the test they all failed him. Especially was he in the dark with respect to the Church. As our author says: "In the course of centuries the old Greek Orthodox Church, with its saints, icons, solemn ceremonies and magic mysticism, had evolved into a czarist office. A man made a career for himself in the clergy just as he did in the ranks of the army. Bishops were given medals, titles, and salaries."

The author tries as others have tried to reconstruct the last days when the Czar and his family were murdered by persons unknown in the cellar of Ipatiev House in Ekaterinburg. Official Moscow with its hideous blasphemy of "let not your right know what your left hand does" knew nothing of all this any more than it knows today of what is happening in Spain or Mexico or Comrade Browder's country. Beyond the mere facts of the mass murders Essad-Bey does not penetrate farther in the mystery than any others who have tried to piece the story together.

A. G. BRICKEL

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE. By Melrich V. Rosenberg. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50

PARTLY because of her long life, but chiefly because of her glittering, unprincipled personality, Eleanor of Aquitaine is the central figure of this book on twelfth century customs and history. Her extraordinary influence as a woman in that virile, almost barbaric world is the main theme, and the historical matter is entirely built around her life. It is an entertaining book, an historical work that is not tiresomely useful. The school textbook tends to idealize the age of chivalry, but in this book the author has stripped the gallant code of every semblance of virtue and clothed it in the most fascinating wickedness.

The first part of the book is devoted to Eleanor, Queen of France, and to the second Crusade; everything is elaborately told and one gets an excellent picture of that greatest of all wild goose chases, on which holy pilgrims walked at the side of greedy knights out for the booty. This is rather the best part of the book except that it does not admit that anyone went on the Crusade in good faith except half wits. Saint Bernard's activities are not explained. All the history is dramatically told; one sees the important figures as individual characters who bend the destinies of Europe with their petty family likes and dislikes. There are no attractive or sane people outside of Eleanor. Most of them have strong bodies and small minds (cunning usually re-

places intelligence), weak wills and unbridled passions. Towards the middle of the book, the turmoil of war is forgotten and love life of the knights and ladies is discussed. He quotes freely from the chronicles and describes the strange customs at very great length. There is no philosophy of history, one is at most squarely faced with the facts. It is hard to tell whether the author likes or dislikes his "period." This book can have a powerful influence in tearing down the myth of chivalry and making us all thankful that we live in the twentieth and not in the twelfth century.

DAISY PICKMAN

UNIFIED TAXES OR LOCAL GOVERNMENTS

CENTRAL AND LOCAL FINANCE IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND. By Mabel Newcomer. Columbia University Press. \$3.50

IN "Central and Local Finance in Germany and England," Miss Newcomer brings to the fore a timely problem. The reader immediately recognizes the work as the product of mature research. There is ample evidence throughout of the author's ability in employing the tools of her craft.

The book concerns itself with the problem involved in the division of public revenues among the different governmental authorities covering the same geographical area. The problem originates as the tax burden becomes formidable. The clash arises between the desire of a unified tax system and the urge to maintain responsible local government. The two countries investigated have labored under heavy tax burdens and have faced the problem.

In Germany increasing economic unification and a series of blighting financial circumstances have tended to lodge the bulk of the taxes collected with the central administration. The Reich at first, under the Weimar Constitution, shared the taxes thus centralized with the local units on a fixed percentage basis according to origin. Experience has led to the gradual substitution of need for origin as the basis for allocating revenues to local governments. The passage of time has witnessed the reduction of local governments to the status of mere administrative units, both fiscally and functionally dependent upon the central authority.

In England, where a unified tax system has obtained for many years, the grants-in aid system has been in effect. Prior to 1929 the grants were allocated on a percentage basis with the purpose of stimulating local governments to higher standards. Since the Local Government Act of 1929 block grants have been made. The purpose of the change is to equalize resources of local governments. In keeping with this purpose the grants are made in accordance with a weighted formula based on actual population, the number of children under five, low rateable value, unemployment and low density population.

The account of these systems explains their aims, the difficulties encountered, the frequent revisions and the possible future adaptations. The record is carefully tabulated, based on prime sources, and bulwarked with charts and tables useful for students.

There are several limitations to the work. Written in a highly technical language, it is not calculated to reach a very wide reading public. Several indeterminate factors render the conclusions less serviceable. Thus the functions properly belonging to local authorities are not determined. The limits within which substantial equity postulates equalization of resources among the parts of a nation are vaguely treated. The extent to which the needs of communities should be standardized remains unsettled. Finally it remains doubtful whether the conclusions are of particular or general applicability.

RAYMOND F. X. CAHILL

TALE OF 15 YEARS AFTER

LANCER AT LARGE. By Francis Yeats-Brown. Viking Press. \$2.75

Like *The Lives Of A Bengal Lancer*, by the same author, *Lancer At Large* is an odd book, and like all odd books it has some almost indefinable fascination about it.

It is a trek through India by one quite familiar with that strange country, yet it is not essentially a travel book. It is a study of Hindu mysticism, yet no Yogi is the author, but rather a slightly bewildered Englishman who has striven, but failed, to understand fully what he has seen and heard. It is, in truth, a handbook of modern India, but a readable, exciting and entertaining one.

The author is ever-conscious of the fact that India has changed in the fifteen years since his last visit. He noticed the attempts to improve the status of the people through education, through supervised care, through modern conveniences, but he also noticed the prevalence of Yoga as before. He realized while writing his book that his deficiencies were many, despite his close association with various swamis, for he says: "I have written what I saw. . . . But, no! That is a half truth. I have written of the illusions that have passed before my eyes."

And well might he call them illusions. He seeks a true Yoga, and comes to face to face with Mar Ivanios, convert to the Roman belief from the Syro-Malankaran Rite. He admits being influenced by him, yet turns his eyes toward a swami. "I ask myself why I did not follow him instead of a Hindu Swami." A long list of the various breathings and postures practiced by Hindu mystics is given in full, and, although one can scarcely see how they might do what they are said to, they are yet remarkably like the exercises offered to early risers as "the daily dozen."

Interspersed with a liberal sprinkling of Arabian folklore, pleasant incidents and crisp dialogue, the book is really a tale of "15 Years After." India has changed, yet it is the same. Mr. Yeats-Brown strives to catch the change, but confesses that he has missed his main purpose by attempting to write of the millions and masses, which mean so little.

Of Hindu mysticism, again, he attempts a justification that somehow falls short, since the modern mind can scarcely grasp the stolid patience, necessary if one is to become a Yogi. The unwarranted bodily abuses that signify the expert are more disgusting than amusing, but like the rest of his book he manages to keep the recounting of them intensely interesting.

Lancer At Large is an experience, such as watching a major operation, or gazing at freaks in a sideshow, or milling breathlessly in the press of a crowd of millions.

JOHN MURRAY

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

A FLOWER FOR SIGN. By Louis Stancourt. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THIS is the autobiography of an Italian-American who in the melting pot of Brooklyn tenements gave up his faith, became a snarling atheist, and won his way back to the Church only after long and bitter anguish. This personal history is cast in the form of a novel and has all the interest of a swift-stepping story together with the clear ring of reality. The title comes from the influence exerted by the Little Flower at a moment of crisis. The prodigal's experiences are a living illustration of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven* with emphasis on "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me." After repeated failures on the material side, he was

caught in the recent economic depression and as a relief worker saw many sides of human nature. In this work he met two Catholics who, under God, opened the path that mile by weary mile led him to an appreciation of the glorious truth of the Catholic religion.

It is a thoroughly human record with a load of weakness, and discouragement and a distressing note of the diabolical in his youthful defiance of God. But after sounding the depths of rampant pride it rises slowly and with many a bruising fall till it reaches the heights of triumphant grace. Romantic love lends added glory to the tale; in the days of his atheism he drags down his Catholic wife to unbelief and by the time he is ready to submit to God she has been hardened against following him longer, and her rebellion threatens a tragic ending up to the closing lines. There is encouragement here for those trying "to get through" and vivid warning for Catholics to appreciate the pearl of great price which they have in their faith.

THE SEA OF GRASS. By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25

THE long ago days of the spacious ranch life of New Mexico sweep before us, as the epic strokes of Conrad Richter's word artistry panorama its shifting scenes. Towering in mighty, arrogant dominance over all, "holding together his empire of grass and cattle by the fire in his eyes," is the aloof, magnificent, dark, shaggy Jove—Colonel Brewton, the Ranch King. Then, Lutie Cameron, with hate in her heart for the land; Lutie Cameron, with the quick mind that saw into everything "like a slender, golden sword," comes from St. Louis to wed him; and, thereafter, tragedy with its attendant horrors stalks abroad in their lives.

A Bret Harte background of ranch life, manners and customs, becomes here alchemized by the subtle influence of Lutie's presence; and later, but none the less intensively, by her memory. The crucial struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ranch Land is even strangely subordinated to her elusive, but compelling power. In fact, time and place fade out of the picture, as the human love struggle takes the foreground; played, largely, as it is, by very silences.

The story is vivid, vital, interesting; told with the truth and yet with the delicacy of one caressing the memory of the departed. A dead past comes to life in this fresh retelling; a pioneer age, tersely reconstructed with fine descriptive power and keen dramatic sense, struts on its way before us; an indelible picture of the westward march of "nester" civilization, so to speak, trailing the ills and the hope that humanity is heir to: these, are at once the glory and the poetic vision which the author gives of the "friendly, indescribable solitude of that lost Sea of Grass."

THE ELEMENTS OF ETHICS, by Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., Ph.D. Second revised Edition. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

IN this revised edition are found all the best qualities of the original work, published in 1926, with additional material dealing with important questions of the day. The author's announced purpose of providing an introductory course for undergraduates in college and university is kept in view in the selection of matter and the extent of treatment. The style is simple, clear and interesting, qualities not always found together in textbooks. The relevant terms are fully explained and their meaning made clear by the use of appropriate examples. The arguments for the theses are solid and presented in a convincing way.

In chapter XVIII on Eugenics, the author deals with the question of contraception and sterilization. He exposes the evils of these practices and uses solid proofs against them. He seems, however, to imply that the morality of eugenic sterilization is still open to dispute, and that the moralist may justify the use of it by the state as an extreme measure. Since the publication of the Encyclical on Christian Marriage, this opinion is no longer tenable by moralists.

DEPARTING a little from my usual practice, this week I shall describe a work of art which has nothing to do with the galleries—indeed it could not, physically, be shown in a gallery, and it will be visible for any one wishing to see it for many years—barring accidents, or "acts of God." It is not often that a specific piece of church decoration deserves to attract the attention of others than residents of the immediate parish concerned. Unfortunately, most work of this kind in our churches is forced into a conventional pattern by stylistic considerations which are all too likely to vitiate any independent artistic merit which the decoration might have. The circumstance is unhappy, yet it could scarcely be otherwise, given the normal contemporary building procedure.

As long as we insist upon erecting churches in historic architectural styles, we must be reconciled to the decoration of such churches being made to fit the particular style chosen, and it is only very occasionally that an artist with anything to say can successfully force himself to any degree of achievement within the stylistic cadre. After all, our artists, like ourselves, are living not in tenth-century Byzantium, or thirteenth-century France, or in Renaissance Italy, but, for better or for worse, in twentieth-century America. It is as fruitless for us to bemoan the disappearance from our stage of Elizabethan rhetoric, however glorious it may be, as it is for us to expect a contemporary American to express himself or herself convincingly in the idiom of Tiepolo.

About a year ago the pastor of Saint Mary's Church, Jersey City, N. J., Reverend Thomas F. Burke, S.T.D., determined to adorn his baptistry with a representation of the Baptism of Christ, thus making it conform better to the Borromean ideal and liturgical custom. Saint Mary's, a church built relatively recently, is of modified Italian-Byzantine style, designed by the New York architect, Robert J. Reiley. Dr. Burke had previously had his altar and sanctuary remodeled, under the direction of the same architect, to make them comply with the requirements of the rubrics, and he had also commissioned mural decorations for the apse, for a frieze above the nave arches, and for the coffered ceiling. The definite style of the main body of the church made necessary an equally definite stylistic treatment.

For the baptistry mural, Dr. Burke decided to employ a young Catholic artist, a former pupil of Jean Charlot, Joan Cunningham, whose fresco work last year attracted some public attention. The artist had available a wall, the shape of which was rectangular with a semi-circular head; the lower part of the right half of this space was occupied by wrought iron grilles and glass doors leading into the nave of the church. Even on bright days, the natural light on this wall is extremely subdued.

The problem involved was to cover such a surface, so broken up as to make a symmetric design impossible, in an organized and intelligent manner. This has been most successfully achieved. The semi-circular space at the top of the wall is devoted to a panel representing Noah's ark; the larger space to the left, roughly matching the door opening, was reserved for the main subject, and the whole was knit together by a system of bands containing simple decorative squares and circles of color.

The general impression to one who sees the work for the first time, is more than satisfying, and gives some hint of what can be done in mural painting when an artist is to a considerable degree freed of stylistic limitations, and a pastor is willing to be a patron of art rather than of commercial decoration. Any reader of AMERICA will find a visit to Jersey City more than worth the discomforts of ferry or tube. Dr. Burke has shown the way toward the radical improvement so badly needed in ecclesiastical decoration.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

FILMS

PENROD AND SAM. This film is an amusing but not too faithful version of the old Booth Tarkington favorite, and is modernized to the extent of transforming Penrod and his pals into amateur G-men. It has preserved few of the nostalgic charms of Mr. Tarkington's writing but substitutes enough action of the exciting variety to hold average attention. A group of boys, organized for the lofty purpose of combating crime rather than for mischievous adventure, as were the familiar Penrodians, is given an opportunity to demonstrate its zeal when a gang of bank bandits hide out in the youngsters' barn. They play a major part in the final capture of the law-breakers. Billy Mauch makes an active and engaging figure in the leading role and Frank Craven and Spring Byington play the grown-ups with homely simplicity. There are no pretensions to novelty or impressiveness in the picture, but it will serve the purpose of family entertainment in an obvious vein. (Warner)

EVERBODY DANCE. Rather a halting sort of comedy, this film on the dual life of a notorious night-club singer manages to arouse only a fair amount of interest. Lady Kate takes to farming in order to protect the illusions of her orphaned nephew and niece from America. But when she attempts to adopt the children, her London night-life activities are exposed and held against her until she is proved the benefactress of the local magistrate's errant daughter. Cicely Courridge is cast as Kate, and Ernest Truex plays opposite in a broad comedy role. The production is generally sketchy and the musical portion of it completely undistinguished. Since its atmosphere of sophistication is at times disedifying, the picture can hardly be considered suitable for children. (Gaumont-British)

CLARENCE. This might appear at first glance to be Booth Tarkington Week, but the movies will have to do more than merely film his stories with partial success before the note of celebration will be in order. The talented Clarence who carried the comedy through a long stage run is all but smothered by a tedious screen treatment, and though he furnishes some of his remembered humor, it is only in unconnected flashes. Clarence accidentally becomes a professional guest in the Wheeler home where his many-sided nature sets him up as a family Crichton. He saves father from apoplexy and Junior from blackmail and falls in love with daughter's hired companion. In the press of circumstances, he shows himself skilled in plumbing and piano-tuning and is finally discovered to be an eminent entomologist. Roscoe Karns is unevenly laughable in the title role and Spring Byington, Eugene Pallette and Charlotte Wynters are adequate in support. The picture is too limp to convey much of Tarkington's crisp humor and fault can be found with the listless direction. It is suitable for family presentation. (Paramount)

HEAD OVER HEELS. Jessie Matthews returns in a British musical comedy which is overburdened with a dull plot and manages to be worthwhile only on the star's account. Miss Matthews sings and dances as the apex of a triangle involving an inventor and a philandering French actor. The production is dotted with some tuneful songs and veers away from the too elaborate display of the usual musical film. It is scaled down to the intimate level and maintains thereby a certain credibility and freshness. Romney Brent, Whitney Bourne and Paul Leyssac contribute excellent performances but it is, as usual, Miss Matthews' party. The picture is recommended for general patronage. (Gaumont-British)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

A KINDLIER attitude toward mothers-in-law was noticed. . . . A Brooklyn man beat up the family doctor for failing to cure his mother-in-law. . . . To encourage more girls to become stepmothers, a new society, the Step-mothers of America, was formed. Institution of a "Step-mothers Day" was planned. . . . Revolutionary fashion notes appeared. Flashy glass ties (shatter-proof), and eyeglasses with rims made out of sour milk were exhibited in New York. . . . Science zipped forward so fast language lagged behind. Professional smellers in London had to organize the Smell Society to coin much-needed words for some five hundred new, hitherto nameless smells recently given off by Science. . . . The depression continued to depart, social students reporting a sharp decline in the consumption of stew. . . . Relations between England and Ireland improved. King George publicly praised an Irish-made bacon slicer. . . . The international situation was still seething. . . . The Nazi persecution of the German doughnut spread unrest through the Third Reich. . . . Anxiety over the King's nightgown agitated the English aristocracy. The Privy Council's delay in deciding which noble is to get the Royal pre-coronation nightgown created a state described as tense among the monocled classes. . . . Accidents again refused to cease. . . . A wife observed her husband was minus one ear. He had failed to notice it, but recalled dimly a fight, concluded someone bit the ear off, alcoholic ward attendants revealed. . . . Autoists continued experimenting with new forms. In California an automobile knocked a pedestrian out of his shoes. With the new models, engineers feel it may be possible to knock pedestrians out of their socks. . . . The internationally known Baron de Blonay died in Switzerland. . . . In the Midwest a Mr. Byte and a Miss Bark, both employed in the dog license bureau, were married. . . . A new process of making wool out of bananas was perfected in Manchester, England. . . . Workers for peace were worried by a report coming from Virginia. A hen there laid an egg marked plainly: "War-1937-June 20."...

Dips from Life: A little girl, ten years old, sleeping on a park bench. An officer wakes her. "I want to live with my father and mother. I ran away from —," she says. The parents, divorced, refuse to keep her. The child, crying her little heart out, is led back to the institution. Just another tiny victim of the broken home. . . . Long after midnight, a subway train, nearly empty. A policeman returning from duty, sleeping in the corner. Next to him a wideawake pickpocket rifling his pockets. Stealthily, the thief pulls out money. The policeman sleeps on. The thief slips his hand in again, begins to remove the cop's rosary. At that the policeman comes to life, the pickpocket goes to jail. Policemen do not easily give up their rosaries. . . . A new kind of masked ball, given by the Mayor of Wimbledon, England. A sound of revelry. The house full of brave men, well-dressed, and fair women, beautifully gowned, and all wearing gas masks. . . . Two men in California framing a dime. It was the dime they flipped to decide whether they would travel by train or air. They went by train and read about the airliner crashing in San Francisco Bay. Then they bought the frame for the dime. . . .

A bill to legalize "mercy murder" was introduced in the Nebraska legislature. Soon people may be saying: "He's a fine doctor. He murdered most of our folks." . . . The sight of ten nuns leading six hundred children safely out of a parochial school fire thrilled spectators. Another sight seems to thrill nobody. Thousands of nuns leading millions of children away from a much more terrible fire. That thrill is for Judgment Day. THE PARADER